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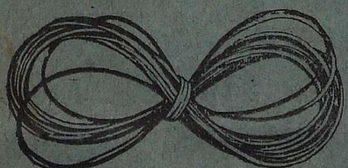

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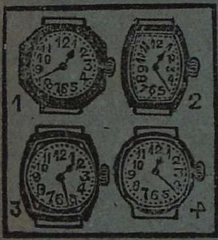

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Vol. II. **MADURA—DECEMBER, 1926** **No. 12**

STATE-AID AND PUBLIC EDUCATION.

(The problem and its solution)

BY 'RADICAL' TRICHINOPOLY.

To the statesman public education may well appear to be part of state-administration, though, to the seeker after realities, administration is but an aid to public education, which again is only a basis, though the only basis, for full individual development which is the goal of all life. The problem of public education is a very old one in Europe, recognized from the time of Plato downwards and apparently still remaining unsolved, while in India no such problem seems to have arisen at all till she came under the political sway of Britain. In all modern states the problem appears to be fundamentally one of finance; and it looks very probable that it has become a problem because of its real or fancied connection with finance, which connection had never been so evident in India of the past. The vicious notion has been successfully instilled that education is a short-cut to riches, making all concerned, the rich and the poor, the educator, the educated, and the uneducated, equally and effectively unhappy. Man needs bread as well as knowledge, even other than bread-making knowledge, but that either need become so engrossing at any stage of his life as to exclude or to encroach on the other is a purely modern discovery or invention. If man spends all his time in the pursuit of the one, he becomes a machine that consumes all the energy supplied to it in keeping itself in working order, and has nothing to spare for the work itself. In short he lives to eat. But the earnest pursuit of knowledge, when the necessary sacrifice of other ambitions has been made, is entitled, where private effort cannot avail, to the fullest possible support and help from the state acting in its own interests. Socrates has never been accused of egotism, least of all when he laid claim, in his famous defence, to a life-pension from the state for doing its work, because even his judges suspected there was a grain of truth and justice in the claim which prevented it from appearing altogether as a contemptuous and grim joke. In fact a wise reconciliation of the two pursuits, not at all impossible, nor even to be achieved for the first time in history, seems to be the essence of the modern problem of public education.

Even from the political point of view, all civilized governments are agreed that public education (no instruction, please) is or ought to be the first charge on state-revenue, because a solution of this root-problem tends to put all other state problems in the way of their automatic solution. The key to success in any corporate function is the enlistment of the intelligent co-operation of the individual workers, because such co-operation alone tends to adjust the burden of that function to the individual capacity of each worker. The function of the state being such a corporate one, public education is another name for the process of such enlistment of individual co-operation.

Hence a state which understands its business will realize that an enlightened citizen is its only real asset and will therefore never grudge to give its best attention to the solution of this problem, being sure of more than ample return for any investment in this direction. For, after all, it is not merely a question of expenditure, but of wise expenditure, expenditure to some purpose. It is not finance so much as wisdom, farsight and foresight that are often found lacking in this business; for lack of wisdom necessarily leads to real or imaginary lack of finance—a fool and his money are soon parted. Most modern states ar managing to get on with a policy of drift or expediency—to give the name of policy by courtesy to that which is the absence of policy. No modern statesman finds himself in a position to look beyond the hour—so pressing and complicated seems the problem of the hour. Enough unto the day is the politics thereof has to be his motto. But expediency, though good in itself, cannot fail to betray those who have lost sight of the goal.

The case becomes worse where, as in India, the state works with divided and conflicting aims, trying to serve both God and Mammon, the interests of both the British and the Indian

nations, trying to cut off Indian History from its trunk in the past in order to engraft it as a '*subordinate branch*' on to the stem of British History. The fatal defect in the current system of state-aided education in India is its prohibitive cost to the consumer. Wealth seems to be the deciding qualification to receive education, while heredity, environment, aptitude and sacrifice, which were in the past held decisive, and rightly so, seem to count for nothing. It is this costliness, this initial outlay on education, which has made its votaries think foremost of some return for their investment. If education were not a taxed commodity, if its need for the soul were as well realized as that of food for the body or air for the lungs, if it were arranged to be given not only in its general aspect free or cheap without interfering with the daily bread-earning labour of the votaries, but, in the professional and vocational branches, directly in connection with such labour, and if personal service be optionally accepted in lieu of tuition-fees where fees become inevitable, then those alone who hear the call will take to it in each branch, and even they, having laid out no capital on it, will not be anxious to make capital out of it. There will be no unemployment then, for the very good reason that employment will not have to wait for education to come to the end of its tether; it will have been secured or provided before, or both will go hand in hand. The present unnatural and unhealthy earlier divorce, and later successfully or unsuccessfully sought-for alliance, between learning and earning will then be snapped. They will have nothing to do with each other except in a remote and casual way, except that the same individual has something to do with both. Learning will learn to command its due respect and to stand erect before wealth, and wealth will get its due because it will have ceased to presume.

The question now then before us is "Why is education so costly in India now? Is it unavoidable? Was it always so? Was there unemployment in the country ever before? How and how much is the teacher to be paid? How were these things managed before?" A straight answer to these questions will go far towards a solution of the problem.

In the first place the state in India being manned by foreigners in its higher and more responsible services has to pay them more than it ever need pay a native-born doing the same service, and even natives employed in such services, and indeed in lower ranks too, have to be paid more than they would ever think of demanding, were they not thrown into invidious juxtaposition to their alien colleagues; besides, to suit the convenience or laziness of a few foreigners, it chooses to conduct its business in a foreign tongue throughout, and thus unnecessarily to raise the cost of administration. Hence it is forced to stint in other and more vital directions, such as public education and sanitary and medical relief which do not seem to press with the force of immediate problems. Again it has to provide careers for the overflow of the home population and a market for home-products. It thus sets an artificially inflated price on certain commodities and certain kinds of labour, and artificially depreciates others really of more vital importance than the first, but not considered so immediately indispensable to its daily business. Thus the state in India, while offering no exception to the general run of modern states in living on a hand-to-mouth policy, labours in addition under all the handicaps arising from its being under foreign control. Again by throwing together in one place people who earn and spend by the sovereign and those who earn and spend by the rupee or the anna, it has raised the general cost of living without raising the general standard of living, making it difficult for the latter class of people, the not favoured majority to make both ends meet.

State service being thus artificially elevated and made unduly attractive and the seed of the vicious idea that education is the process of fitting oneself for such service being sown so well and broadcast, the rest of the evils naturally follow. The state having to get its recruits from the special hot-houses of so-called recognized institutions, necessarily demands to have its finger in the pie and its voice in the shaping of that education for which it has taken the responsibility and makes contributions, ever so slight or inadequate, from its funds. Hence in addition to giving a commercial basis to education, making it look more like speculation, state interference in education in India gives rise to further attendant evils in the shape of centralization and uniformity. In fact it is this centralization, which is responsible for making the cost of administration of the educational machinery run out of all proportion to the actual cost of imparting the education itself, that has made education the despair of the many and the ruin of some. On the other hand, uniformity, which is another name for lifelessness, is the very negation of the sprit of education, which ought to be a living growth into variety. Educational uniformity means a reckless attempt to fit the individual into the education, rather than the education to the individual.

If the above diagnosis of the case be accepted the remedy must necessarily suggest itself, because every true remedy is simply a removal of the real cause of illness. The remedy in the present case is therefore easily seen to lie in

1. increased state-aid to educational institutions in the wake of curtailment of expenditure on educational red-tape,

and Indianization of the whole educational service manned where necessary by Indians with foreign experience or training.

2. conferring of district educational autonomy following decentralization of educational administration and

3. as professed in the case of religion, non interference by the state in the conduct of the several institutions and in fixing the courses of studies.

The state should place adequate funds for the purpose preferably in the shape of revenue from ear-marked service Inam lands, at the rate of about one acre for every hundred pupils or ten acres for every Revenue village, whichever is larger, absolutely at the disposal of every village panchayat, every taluk board, municipality and district board and other elected *ad hoc* bodies, reserving to itself the right to resume the Inam in cases of proved persistent misapplication of funds or where the institution ceases to function. Fines from criminal courts can also be tapped for the purpose. The fee income in the shape of cash at a rate not exceeding a maximum fixed by Government, or personal service in the case of pupils declared poor by the local body, shall be partly distributed among the teaching staff and partly utilized towards improving the institution or held as Reserve fund. The courses of study shall be fixed by a representative council composed of members of the managing body, and the teaching staff. Every headmaster shall have authority to issue a certificate showing the attainments of any pupil leaving the institution and shall have perfect liberty to examine the fitness of any pupil seeking admission to a particular class or course, but cannot altogether refuse admission into an institution for general education. In the case of professional or technical courses, every practitioner of a profession, on the recommendation of the local body, may be permitted to take apprentices under him on his own terms without state-aid, or subject to control where he can or has to be paid from public funds. Thus every practising lawyer, doctor, weaver, artist, carpenter, smith and Headmaster authorized in that behalf can issue certificates of proficiency qualifying a candidate for their respective professions who has been apprenticed under them, or after properly testing a candidate who has not been so apprenticed. This scheme, if worked, will enable every village to maintain at least one elementary school for general education and one school for some technical or professional course separate or combined with the first; every municipality and major union will have at least one high school and one higher techincal or professional school. Every district or two will have at least one Arts or Scientific or Technological College or possibly even a University. Admission shall be given in preference to resident pupils of the locality. The timing of the lessons and courses will be fixed so as not to interfere with the daily or seasonal avocations of the pupils, and so as to allow pupils who so choose to attend both general and technical schools simultaneously, by making the former work in the mornings and the latter in the evenings. Examinations will not be much heard of because they will be held only when and where absolutely necssary and will not confer any special merit, real or imaginary, on the successful candidate. This scheme is bound to diminish the cost of education to the pupil, taking it to his door and adapting it to his needs, and will also help to keep the schoolmaster's pot boiling without undue strain on anybody's resources. This scheme is no novelty in this country, being only a revival of an old, traditional institution with suitable modifications.

I am aware as well as the intelligent reader that I am making a rather tall order under present conditions and that my solution treads alarmingly on the tender heels of politics. But all of us know it also to be the only natural, permanent, rational and safe solution, and that tall orders simultaneously and persistently made from several quarters will cease to be tall. Education will not come into its own until it ceases to be regarded as a secondary obligation or charity or luxury, but as the prime national need that it is, and therefore the prime state duty, not even second to national defence. But none are so deaf as those who will not hear nor none so blind as those that will not see.

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A child's kiss
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THE ALVARS.

VI. Tondar-Adip-Podi-Alvar

BY MR. K. G. SESHA IYER, B.A. B.L.,
TRIVANDRUM.

Tondar-adip-podi—*the dust of the feet of devotees*—is the name assumed in self-abasement by a Brahmana Alvar whose real name was Vipra Narayana. He was a bachelor; and he devoted his life to the service of Sri Ranganatha, for whose adornment he used to supply flower garlands woven by himself. He led a retired life, away from the distractions and temptations of the world. However, temptation did come to him in the form of a courtesan, whom he casually met on a rainy day in his flower garden near his lonely residence. In sheer pity for her condition, he allowed her to seek shelter from the rain in his lowly cottage; but as he had not sufficiently conquered the flesh in him, he fell a victim to her blandishments. By Divine grace, however, he freed himself from the defilement, and purified himself by imbibing in faith, penitence and humility the water with which he washed the feet of holy men. He assumed the name of *Tondar-adip-podi* in lowliness of spirit, and devoted himself entirely to Divine service. His contribution to *Nalayira-Prabhandam* consists of *Tiru-Malai*, a poem of 45 stanzas, and *Tiru-pallielucchi*, which contains 10 stanzas. In his conception, the greatest treasure and the richest possession is devotion to Visnu, which alone, he declares, sets the mark of respectability and high status on man. He writes that even the meanest of men, doing the most degrading work, is, if only he be a devotee of Visnu, worthy of being bowed to in reverence, and with him the formation of domestic relations will be honourable. On the other hand, those who dishonour and treat with disrespect Vaisnava devotees, should, according to the Alvar, be regarded, for that reason alone, as of the lowest social order, even though they might be, by birth, Brahmanas and have learned the four Vedas and the Sastras besides. (*Tiru-Malai* 42 & 43).

Tradition places Tondar-adip-podi Alvar 100 years before Tiru Mangai Mannan. There is reason to hold that Tiru-Mangai Alvar was not posterior to the first quarter of the 9th century at the latest, and Tondar-adip-podi Alvar may, therefore, be provisionally assigned to the 8th century. I give below renderings of two stanzas from his *Tiru-palli-elucchi*, which is a Tamil lyric of great poetic charm and beauty.

The sun above the eastern sky appears,
And darkness dense hath vanished. With the morn
The blossoms sweet their feast of honey yield;
Both Gods and Kings expectant throng the doors
With gleesome heart. The royal elephants,
A stately train, mix with the sound of drums
Their lusty trumpeting. Behold; All round
'Tis like the surging sea. In grace awake,
O Lord of Ranga, from Thy holy Couch.

Tiru-palli-elucchi, 1

In flowery groves the warbling birds are heard.
Darkness hath fled; and in the eastern sky
Appears the dawn of day. The sound of waves
Yields to the murmur of the mirthful bees.
To worship at Thy feet, with waving wreaths
Have Gods and angels come. Lord of the shrine
Where Lanka's king adoring service pays,
Rise from Thy holy bed, my Lord, Awake!

Tiru-palli-elucchi, 5.

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SOME LIVING WRITERS.

2. Thomas Hardy.

BY MR. K. P. RAJAGOPAL, B.A.

Thomas Hardy is the oldest living man of letters in England; but the events of his life are only a few. He started life as an architect, settled down as a novelist, wrote love-lyrics at sixty, and almost closed his literary life as an epic poet. In these land-marks, as they say, may be seen the individuality and original genius of this lonely figure.

He is lonely, in his greatness, in his age. He is not in the tradition of either English religion or English literature. In his own individual architectural way, he began with certain notions of the edifice of his fashioning and ended by touching it up to the summit of perfection.

To extend the figure a little, the bed-rock of the grand structure that he raised is, in essence, the philosophy of Omar. His nevels, poems and the drama are merely a commentary, as it were, on that poem which so much influenced the writings of the nineteenth century men. The vineyards of the East had at last intoxicated the western mind unsettled to the highest pitch. The *Rubaiyat* offered it the cup with which to drown the memory of that impertinence of questioning. It wasn't exactly unbelief, it wasn't exactly religion; it was the unravelling of a Fatality that ordained history and progress. There was, for the first time a sort of explanation for life's little ironies. Hardy's thirsting mind saw the solace of that strain and caught it. He variated it on the many heart-strings of the world strung on Wessex-ground.

Tess is a plaything for the President of the Immortals. Sue is a piece of woman with whom Destiny plays. Eustacia is the tragic figure whipped by the winds of chance. Human love is merely the string with which the unseen Hand (of a Sutra-dhara) controls the actions of the puppets. The tragic comedians of the play act their parts helplessly moving as they have to. High endeavours and great men are mere laughing-stocks of Time; and great moments of history itself, the satires of circumstance. The titles of Hardy's books are the catch-words of his convictions: *Life's little ironies, Time's Laughing-stocks, Satires of circumstance.*

It is with the instinct of a master that Hardy has selected Napoleon, that creature of circumstance's in the words of the great Conqueror himself, as the hero of his crowning work. 'The Dynasts' is a marvel of literature. The structure and conception of this epic-drama, as he has called it, have no parallel anywhere and the epic elevation of its style is second only to the moving theme of Napoleon's success and fall which is one of the supreme examples of the Triumph of circumstance. It is interesting to note that Hardy's view accords with Napoleen's own view of himself and differs from that of Rosebery.

But it is the art of Hardy more than his philosophy that everywhere makes us catch our breath in admiration. As a novelist he has written about fifteen good stories whose situations are the truimph of a skilful manipulator of chess. Three or four of the novels are admitted among the best in the language. *The Mayor of Casterbridge* is regarded as the best as a story. The unassuming style flowing along in clear narration flashes surprisingly in situations or turns. One has only to recall the haystack scene in *Far from the Madding crowd*, the heath-scene in *The Return of the Native* and the dream incident in *Tess* as a few examples of haunting memories. One cannot adequately select scenes from the great drama which is full of them.

The almost revolting gloom of some of his novels, notably *Tess* and *Jude* has earned for Hardy the arresting name of a pessimist. Some have denied it; some have asserted it. But a pessimist with a humour like Hardy would, one is inclined to think, have long ago committed suicide. A pessimist does not write love-poetry at sixty. He cannot, at any rate, manage to live up to the grand old age of 86. And the prophetic close of *The Dynasts* is significant:

But—a stirring thrills the air
Like to sounds of Joyance there
That the rages
Of the ages
Shall be cancelled and deliverance offered from the darts that were,
Consciousness the will informing, till it fashions all things fair!

BOOKS BY

Mr. G. V. RAMA AYYAR., B.A., L.T.

History Assistant, Town High School, Kumbakonam.

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'K' ON GRAY'S ELEGY: A REPLY

BY M. S. S. NEPAL.

The "Study" on Gray's Elegy by "K", published in the August issue of this paper, must have come as a surprise among the literary people of the day. The article is no doubt very original, for few—very few,—since the days of Dr: Johnson, were so daringly outspoken against a poet, who as Swinburne puts it, "holds for all ages to come, his unassilable and sovereign station" and who is spoken of by another poet, as "I have been reading Gray's Work, and think him the only poet since Shakespeare, entitled to the character of sublime," and a poem "in which the Thomsonian school reaches its apex." As regards the criticism "He was a dull man, sir; dull in his closet; dull everywhere," true, Johnsȯn speaks of him with coldness and disparagement. Gray disliked Johnson and refused to make his acquaintance; one might fancy, Johnson wrote with some irritation from this cause. It is surely not fair to criticise a man sȯ vehemently because, one is in good company when he does so. But the judgment of Johnson was not a malicious one, it was simply a vehement aberration of criticism, a petulent outburst of personal grudge. Would it not be an unmistakable symptom of a still duller state of mind or intellect on the part of one who while seeking to dub himself with the name of a critic, sadly manifests an ingrained and pronounced inability to view the things from the standpoint of the poet or the author and thus stands self condemned for the violation of the essential canon of true criticism? It was ȯnly natural that one of two knights whȯ looked on opposite sides of the same shield, declared it black, and the other white.

Mr: "K" writes, "the poem begins with an intitial blunder." It is difficult to understand this. The curfew "was rung at sunset in summer, and at 8 P.M. in winter." The poet here speaks of the curfew in summer. What a world of ideas the one initial line suggests. The bell rings, and tolls the knell of how many things! In the field of poetry, arithmetical critics have systematically been considered as the pests of society, from time immemorial· In order to be a critic worth the name, one must needs be endowed with the power of scenting the artistic excellence lying behind the suggestive touches of true poetry, which while presenting a glowing and genuine picture of life and holding the mirror up to nature, happens to be the inevitable sustenance of our being. It is that equipment which alone can enable us to realise the pathetic but excellent associations raised at one stroke as it were by the line of Gray in question. The sun is setting, it is as it were a knell to the grazing time of the ploughman, and it surely is a knell tȯ the houshold fire, and perhaps it is a knell to the cheerful spirits of the poet, for night is coming on and with it the "melancholy low spirit" which haunted him always. And his line "leaves the world to darkness and to me" brings to our mind, his letter to one of his friends where he says "........I am alone, and *ennui* to the last degree, yet do nothing." Gray could not have liked night time; he could not remain quiet and silent. "Travel I must" he writes to Dr: Wharton "or cease to exist." There is thus a sort of deep and sacred pathos in his opening stanzas, to criticise which is a sacrilege.

The interpretation which Mr: "K" puts on the stanza ending in "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," is another instance of his not having read the piece properly, or at least of not having remembered properly the entire connection of the preceding stanza when he sat down to write his tirade. Gray does not decry the high pedigree, power beauty etc. of the wealthier classes. What he simply means to say is, "Let not ambition mock" nor "Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile" the "simple blessings of the lowly train." Rather than complimenting the poor, he is cautioning the rich and the powerful, against being bloated with pride by reminding them, so to say, of the eternal truth "Dust thou art and to dust returnest." Gray's motive is clear enough to be appreciated by the veriest school boy even. It is ridiculous indeed to see that Mr: "K" who displays an audacious ingenuity in manufacturing so many contradictions to the plain (but ill digested by "K") statements of the poet after the fashion of a dialectician, has just failed to see the poet eye to eye. Following the lead of Mr: "K" we might ask him, should not the toils of the lowly train also be properly recognised at least in a poetical epitaph? Should they be, as they are more often than not, treated with cold eontempt by the idle plutocrats, in return for their hard and indispensable service to society? Have the puffed up aristocratic drones any right to keep them suppressed? The advice of Shakespeare through King Lear when he says:—

Take physic pomp:
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayest shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

is more true than merely instructive and Gray's idea does not differ very much from it. Of course it would be difficult to make things clear to one who is determined not to understand. The memorable line "Paths of glory lead but to the grave" is as clear in purport as grand in suggestiveness.

To say that Gray suggests, in the stanza beginning with "Can storied Urn or animated bust," the fact that the fleeting breath could be called back, would reflect greater foolishness. The poet, without doubt, simply means to say that the

spirits of the great entombed in big and populous centres, do not necessarily enjoy greater peace and felicity after death. Mr: R. Gilfillan has a very apposite stanza :—

"No sculptured emblems blazon here,
No weeping willow wave,
No faith memorial e'er so faint,
Points out the poor man's grave.
No matter—he as soundly sleeps,
As softly does repose,
Though marbled Urn around his grave
No idle incense throws."

It is very difficult to agree with Mr: "K" when he says that the "costliness of tombs is a measure of the piety and devotion of the living to the dead." Perhaps, many kings and dignitaries of England, have got a better tomb than Shakespeare. Does it mean that we regard Shakespeare the less? Moreover, it would be a pitiable thing, indeed, if the tomb—its grandeur and beauty, were all that was to remind us of a departed soul. It requires no demonstration to state that the life which the glorious dead lived would continue to move and guide posterity with far greater force and impetus than any number of mementos they may be honoured with after death.

How could Gray be twisted to mean that every one of the villagers could become a Milton or a Cromwell, is something more than we can comprehend. Some among those rustics at least, might have got that spark or that light within them, which produced a Cromwell or a Milton. That is all that can be gathered from Gray's lines. Is it not true that the spirit, the enthusiasm of many a man is damped and repressed by "chill penury" or discouragement?. This much we can say that genius cannot be totally suppressed, but even then cannot a Keats' genius be ruthlessly smothered down. It is useless to recount the stories of geniuses rising from the rank of poorer men. Their names are legion. We are then told that Gray's attitude towards these classes is one of silly sentimentality. Perversion of truth could never proceed farther. Our redoubtable Mr: "K" should rather be pitied for his having been misled into the belief that the greatness of a man is to be measured by the blare and noise that he can make in this world of cheap methods of self advertisment. Nothing less than quixotic could accuse the poet of "waste of sympathy" and "silly sentimentality" simply because he failed to carry coal to Newcastle.

In that beautiful stanza beginning with "Full many a gem...... " Gray has not in his mind, any consideration about the place and time value of a commodity—like a gem or flower. A political economist, a cold calculating upholder of material utilities is a different creature from a poet, who sees into the essence of things. Gems however lodged in the depths of pelagic obscurity will never fail to be considered precious or the beauty of a flower blossoming however far from human haunts will never cease to be a thing of joy for ever. True intrinsic merit has a value and reward of its own, however low born in society, and the simile does not go further. Mr: K should learn to note that in strict accordonce with his duties as a poet, Gray idealises on the point and speaks of true merit in general. Mr: K need not be overscrupulous to seek to apply the said words of the poet to the villagers of Stoke Pogis. We must not however forget to tell Mr: K in this connection that Gray had some sort of tenderness and affection for the churchyard at Stoke Pogis. Was it not there that his mother was buried ? Was it not there that he was subsequently to be buried too ? Those lines are sacred grounds, inside which we must not dare tresspass with the creaking shoes of hairsplitting criticism. The anathema pronounced by Mr: K upon the "rude block of illiteracy or sheer animalism" typified by the villagers is undoubtedly a fine specimen of grotesque and conceited imagination.

We have only one more point to touch. Mr: K in his own way, attributed the popularity of the poem to a democratic note struck by it and then goes on arguing that that note helped every fool into the belief that "he might have been a great man." That is an original conclusion of Mr: K's no doubt and none can quarrel with him for his possessing that sort of temperament, which infroms the entire matter of his critical endeavour. The worldwide popularity of the poem is beyond any question or cavil and we shall not disturb the universal concensus (barring Mr: K of course) of praise bestowed on it and there alone we find the true cause of its popularity. Over and above his (the poet's) great ingenuity, his careful art, the pleasant musical chime of his verse, we see a "curiously minute observation of scenery, a note of every detail of landscape, which turns almost every verse of the Elegy into a vignette of trees, fields, little streams, and distant village spires"

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"K" ON GRAY'S ELEGY.—A REPLY.

BY 'K'

The two replies to my study of Gray's Elegy, signed 'V' and "M. S. S., Nepal" neither surprise nor amuse me: but similarity of thought and identity of argument that both the defenders of Gray adopt show a certain suitability in sense or non-sense of poet to interpreter and of one interpreter to another.

They both charge me at the outset with want of poetic taste. I shall not pause to examine their credentials to infallibility in taste. Nothing can be farther, from me, than the low ambition of challenging comparison with such men as 'V' who finds the high water mark of poetry in "*Andanduthorum aluthu purandalum*" etc., and the other who speaks of the curfew tolling the knell "*to the grazing time of the ploughman*" *De gustibus non disputandum.* If an assumption of superior taste will help the arguments of these men, they are welcome to it. Only wise men never fight about matters of taste and "thy" study is not based on mere taste, but argument.

If the curfew rung at sunset and fires were put out then, one wonders when the dinner was cooked! One wonders also how the blazing hearth burned for the ploughman who trudged home at sunset when the curfew put out all fire in the house. But this is a small matter and "Mr. V" at least is not disposed to quarrel about it. We shall also leave it at that!

Shirley's "Death the Leveller" has not been accepted as the standard of judgment or the touch-stone of taste. That poem cannot justify Gray's statement:—"The paths of glory lead but to the grave". Consider Tennyson's "The path of duty is the way to glory!" Here is a line of poetry, the value of which as a criticism of life, is high. It is nerving and sustaining; it makes man risk his all in the cause of duty. How different from the inglorious, paralysing line "The paths of glory lead but to the grave!" Both 'V' and "MSS of Nepal" agree remarkably well and the poet's sentiment suits theirs remarkably well also. But those who seek beauty in poetry will find the statement as unlovely as it is untrue. They both believe in having a nose for poetry: one talks of being endowed with the power of *scenting* the artistic excellence lying *behind* the touches of poetry! (whatever that may mean); and the other of the musk-deer and its scent.

Once again, "Mr. V" and "Mr. MSS of Nepal" agree about intrinsic value being no value at all. These are the men who will one moment soar into the poetic region of Gray and yet swear at another moment that pearls buried in "the depths of pelagic obscurity" are not precious, "no better than a piece of glass!" Not to discriminate between intrinsic worth and market value or the price of a thing, and to assume intrinsic value in the villagers, are characteristic of Gray and of his two commentators and they are agreed on setting aside reason as a factor in the argument. Doubtless reason is a stumbling block to them and they cannot stand it.

The arguments adduced from Tennyson's *Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington* and from *Arnold's Rugby Chapel* have been strangely overlooked by both the critics. If Gray had said "This village of Stoke Pogis *may produce* great men" no one would have a quarrel with him; but when he looks at the graves of the obscure dead and says these might have done that, the limits of common-sense are reached, cleared at a leap and left far behind.

But that would exactly suit the illustrious critic from the eminence of Nepal, who felt the pathetic force of the Knell to "*the grazing time of the ploughman.*"

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(A Sketch)

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He has a magnetic personality. Many draw upon themselves, the attention of the multitude by a towering or massive personality. There must be something unusual to attract. But in his case it is the well-knit smallness of the figure, the flashing intelligence of the countenence, that marks him out of the crowd. But his personality seems to be electrified all over; it is always restles; it is never satisfied, until it breaks out in eloquence. His speeches make considerable inroads into time and for that matter, space also. If you want to approach him with a request that he should lecture for an hour, be sure to insist upon his finishing in half an hour. Nevartheless you will be treated to a magnificent repast of choice eloquence seasoned with wit and humour, rich in matter and rain-bowed in form, for not less than two hours. You forgive him heartily for his tresspass, in spite of the discomfort of sweltering in a crowd and the lengthening time. He manages always to address densely crowded assemblies where people get packed like sardine in air tight, compressed spaces. He over-powers you with his eloquence; dazzles you with the versatile variety of his knowledge; startles you with his shrewdness and dumbfounds you with his audacity. He ean sound the big drum and blow the trumpet, as no other man can, but all with a grace and dignity, all his own. He is unmatched in them.

Watch him address a meeting. He is dressed spotlessly in the most orthodox fashion, with just a touch of western refinement. A most shapely head is enclosed artistically in the folds of a white muslin cloth. Round his slim throat, glistens a neatly folded angavastram, reaching thence down to the ankles. He walks barefooted with conscious determined steps. The melliflous msuic

of his words, flows uninterrupted, from his smart countenance. The hooked nose seems to focus the energy of the brain and tipped with sparks of thought. The gesticulating hand wrnders often to the ear, scattering the scintillating red light of the lustrous ruby of his ear ring. The naked toes, play with fierce energy and clutches their neighbour. An aversion to ties and collors, makes him invariably wear a closed coat. He speaks with divine fire, his speech ever informed with religion and piety. His religious fervour, is his richest legacy from his ancestor. His religion seems the most sacred of his possessions. He is a hero; his followers are but few. But the few ones are well-chosen and upon them he lavishes his all. He is a politician, but he lets very few know the hue of his politics. They say he carries an encyclopædic library in his brain; but the key of the library is often misplaced, so that few indeed are the occasions, where it is open for reference or use. His brain is an inland sea. It has no intellectual outlets worth the name, except set lectures to college students. The little overflows that threaten to shape themselves into a rich stream of wisdom run dry into the silly trifles and the absorbing routine of his proprofessial worries. The one output to his credit is a history of the Pre-Mussalman Period; it shows, orthodox as he is, what a catholic outlook he has.

His oddities if any are of those of greatness: his vanities, those of an intensely good nature. He may fight, show resentment, frown and even explode, but he is a stranger to hate or meanness. No wonder his students worship him; his friends adore him. There is nothing, he would not do for them; no trouble he would not undertake on their behalf; no curse he would not draw upon himself to save them. Unasked, he is always watching to advance their cause. In their greatness, is his glory.

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MUKTI

(A Vignette from Tagore.)

BY MR. L. V. RAMASWAMI IYER, M.A., B.L., Ernakulam.

The girl-devotee raised an altar in a corner of her flower-garden and was shaping forth the image of her god on it. The fancy of her mind was day by day, in slow degrees, assuming bodily shape outside in the image that she shaped. Often she heedfully looked at it and thought for a while, tears trickling down her eyes.

But the figure that was once clear in her mind gradually became clouded over with a haze. Like lotus-petals at night, her mind's impression faded apace.

The girl then raged against her own self and felt a grievous sense of shame. Her devotion grew deeper and deeper, she lived upon fruits and water only, and took her repose on the grassy bed.

The more the idea of her image took shape in her mind, the more did the form outside grow out of shape. She felt as if indeed it could have no special human form. The more she tried, the greater grew the difference between the idea within and the form without.

She then decked her image with jewels, worshipped it many a time with lotus flowers, and in the evenings lit the holy lamp with fragrant oil,—the lamp was of gold, and the oil was rare and dear.

The heap of offerings on the altar grew day by day, the altar vanished amidst the wealth of wreaths and the image itself was lost to view.

II.

A little boy came up and said, "We'll play!"

"Where?" asked the girl.

"Here, where you have put up your doll."

The girl shouted him off, saying, "Never shall there be any play here."

Another boy turned up saying, "We'll pluck flowers."

"Where?"

"From the *champak* tree that stands by the side of your doll—house."

The girl drove him off saying, "None shall touch these flowers."

Yet another boy came up and said, "Guide us with the lamp."

"Where's the lamp?"

"It's here,—in your doll-house."

The girl thrust him off saying, "None shall take this lamp from here."

III.

When one party of boys went away, another group came up. The girl heard their clatter and saw their gleeful dances. For a moment her mind

did wander, but in an instant she started with terror and felt a sense of shame.

The day of the *Mela* came near.

The old man of the village asked her, "Don't you come to see the *Mela*?"

"I shall go nowhere," she said.

Her playmate called out to her, "Come! let's be off to the *Mela*!"

"I have no time," was her reply.

A little boy nestled close by her side and said, "Won't you take me to the *Mela*?"

She said, "I cannot go. My *Puja* claims me here."

IV.

One night a sound like the roar of the sea greeted her ears even in the midst of her dream. In hundreds and thousands people were tramping along, some in chariots, others on foot, some with burdens on their backs, others with their loads thrown off.

When she got up in the morning, the birds' carols could not be heard for the songs of the travellers. Of a sudden she felt she too should join them.

But then another thought instantly crossed her mind, "I have my *Pooja* to offer, I have no need to go!"

And she ran up in haste to her garden where stood the altar and the image.

But where was the image gone?

The footsteps of hundreds of men had trodden upon the altar, and a road lay over it.

Restlessly did people trudge along, group after group.

"Where is He whom I had kept here on the altar?"

Someone exclaimed in her mind, "He is there amidst the concourse that tramp restlessly yonder."

At this time the little boy hurried up saying, "Come! lead me by the hand!"

"Where?"

"Why! To the *Mela*! Don't you come?"

The girl said, "Yes. I too shall come!"

OVER THE ALTAR BEFORE WHICH SHE USED TO SIT WITH FOLDED HANDS, OVER THAT ALTAR HER FOOTSTEPS TROD.

WHAT LAY HIDDEN IN HER MIND BAFFLING ALL FORM, APPEARED TO HER AMONGST THE MANY THAT TRUDGED ALONG.

"OLD TIME IS MARCHING PAST"

BY PROF. N. RENGASWAMI, M. A.,
Vizagapatam.

Old Time is 'marching past' in endless file
Before Sov'reign Thought; the tramp of the primeval van
Back to the futurest rear in martial style
Sends its echoing thrill; we stare and scan
The sun-marked moon-measured rhythmical tread;
This 'Tempus Rex' with oth'r suns and moons doth hold
His parade in varied beats, the ranks being led
Thro' the sky-hole lobbies of stars, some new some old
But where the spacious abysmal darknesses reign
Mid-universe, as Einstein's dimension sixth
Stagnant Time drowses, and holds his peace;
There Thought in shadow grins in high disdain
At the puny pomp of oft-repeating mixt
Night and day, at the New Year down on her knees!

THE OLD YEAR.

Behold! with all its glories well-nigh shed,
The old Year sinks beneath the heavy blow
Of time and ebbs out in its twilight glow.
Now men review its trail, in hope or dread,
And count the many blanks and prizes few.
With some alas! it was one dismal gloom
With scarce a ray of light to cheer their doom;
With lucky some, perhaps, a balmy dew
To rouse their yearning souls to bud and blow;
With some a passing frown, a bracing shower,
A wholesome curb to tend a steady flow.
Take heart, the year, no matter what its dower,
Is but a link in the Eternal Chain,
Its joys and griefs a wave of the Blissful Main.

C. N. S.

THE PASSING YEAR.

The year ebbs out—a wave, a ripple splashed
And died upon the shores of deathless calm;
Observe what water-mark is left there dashed,
The shingle on the sand—what wholesome balm
The soul hath won. Great were its social hopes
And those struggles within that lead to light,
The light of love that shines upon the slopes
Of Heaven. Our heart and hands have done their might;
Or poor or rich the merchandise, gather it home,
The turning tide will bring us more and more;
Despair not—death and life beneath the dome
Are mingled joy the ageless one doth score,
All mortal days are days of light and shade;
Count them alike—they are of earth, earth-made.

P. R. G.

RANDOM NOTES.

BY 'KALIDAS'

The University ideal

Sir P. C. Ray's Convocation Address last month at the Mysore University throws much light on many of the pressing problems of universities. With the mature thought, practical experience and clear perception which he commands the Mysore University could not have done better than invite him to give the address.

Though many of the points he dwelt upon are not new, it must be said that they cannot be too often reiterated. Further the Acharya presents them in such a telling manner that they must have appealed strongly to those who had the privilege of listening to him as even in cold print one cannot fail to catch the warm breath, clear voice and utter sincerity and conviction of the speaker.

He clearly points out how our universities do not keep up the true University spirit, that of research and culture, but are mere examining bodies admitting into its portals what strictly belongs to the school. There is a confusion of ideals in them so much so that they have become mere factories skilled in mass production, that too not of a superior quality. The two ideals, that of training men for professions and that of advancement of knowledge by research should be kept strictly apart. The universities are for those who show rare intellectual capacity, who have in them the real creative genius. Then alone there could be real contribution to the sum of human knowledge. On the other hand, the universities are producing men fitted neither for original work nor for facing problems of practical life. We are suffering under a most effete system of education. The idea that the centres of learning are not functioning properly is gradually infiltating and in the light of the pronouncements of great men as the Acharya our universities will adopt the true ideal and become real centres of learning and inspiration shedding lustre on life.

Catholicity in Universities

The Acharya rightly emphasizes that universities should not be close preserves, "The portals should be opened wide to any one, hall-marked or not, who has given evidence of originality and keenness." Not rarely has there been in the universities sorry examples of geniuses shut out. Catholicity must and does conduce to progress.

Regional Univeristies

About these he remarks "you cannot go on adding faculty after faculty (science)without due consideration to the regional needs." The facilities and the aptitudes of the region should decide what faculties should be included.

Reduplication of Universities

One of the curses of our university modelling is that we aim at uniformity rather than at originality of conception and construction. It only means the unifornity of death and not the variety of life which must govern live institutions. Sir P. C. Ray strongly condemns such stereotyped universities.

The colossal waste

The colossal waste of national intelligence in our universitis appals the Acharya. He emphatically decries the unhealthy hunger for degrees. This disease is but the upshot of the wrong notions that govern our educational organisation, and the exotic nature of the educational plant which is ill-suited to the genius, ideals and outlook of India. As a result of this system the whole outlook of the parent and the boy has suffered a change. They walk blind-folded guided by a false hope, humble into schools and colleges and tumble out of them in the same helpless state. It is the tragedy of modern education that year after year, nay, twice a year, thousands of graduates are turned out of the universities stuffed with some book knowledge which is soon relegated to the limbo of forgotten things, with no training in practical life, and with some title tacked on to their names. The world shall no more be gulled by these title-tails. What the world, what the businessman, the industrialist and a host of others want are not men who have passed examinations but men who could tackle questions of practical life. Imagine then the waste, the colossal waste, of intelligence, energy, money, and life.

THE "B" GROUP IN THE S. S. L. C. SCHEME

(BY MAGISTER)

There was a lot of discussion under the auspices of the Madras Teachers' Guild last week, in which, it is significant, the teachers that handled it were conspicuous by their absence, though the Secretary of the Guild held that the meeting was representative: by which he only meant perhaps that the several Schools in the city were represented by their Headmasters, men who were competent to give their opinion on the subject. They ought to be in a position, as heads of institutions, to do it; but take it from me, and I have been a teacher of that unfortunate group for several years and, what is more, I also happen to know these worthy getlmen personally, that they are the least entitled to speak on it with anything like authority. A discussion on it must be in the nature of a full and frank confession by the teachers concerned, and these were absent. The diocussion was therefore quite unreal and the Guild merely wasted its time: for the root of the matter was the historico-geographical part in the group should not be there at all, which was never

touched at all; but quite a lot of valueless discussion went on about methods of teaching, the status of the group in the course of studies, and things of that sort.

You connot create interest where there could be none; and it is notorious that both the teachers and the taught take it easy with regard to it, the headmaster conniving at the inevitable. Personally I like the subject and have done as much as any teacher could do to inspire something like interest in the pupils, but have found it an evanascent affair; it is even felt as a hardship if a teacher is over-enthusiastic about it, for he then expects his pupils to take themselves away from subjects which they regard—and who will say not rightly?—as entitled to all their time. And then again, take the subject; of what earthly use is it to them to learn the history and development of Canada and other Dominions, when more essential things are not attended to? Is the subject at least small in bulk? It is the history and geography of self-governing and dependent communities comprising the Empire that must be studied separately—a hard task even if it were an examinable subject, but becoming hardest when it is ladled down their throat under compulsion: and that is not a sound method of education.

The fact is that the subject should go out of the group. The knowledge that is required of an Indian student in this respect may be given in half a dozen lessons along with the geography of the world which he is to learn. For, if the teaching of the history and geography of the British Empire is to have value, it consists, I believe, in drawing attention to the gradual evolution of the political institutions in the 'great' self-governing Dominions, and this is a subject which rightly belongs to the advanced student of the college, not to the callow lad that plods his weary way through the S. S. L. C. scheme of things.

Consider again the nature of the subject. Is he to be compelled to take interest in what may be characterised as the disgrace of his ancestors? Are we, his wiser elders, to condemn him for ever to the 'inferiority complex'—never give him a chance of pride in the achievements of his race and, after his mind is formed, of realising his present situation intelligently so that he might take his proper place in the life of his country and nation? But the hardest lot of all is that of the poor teacher who must ever sing the praises of that Empire which leaves him to starve—not an ignorant boor, but an educated slave feeling his slavery keenly but absolutely impotent. This, however, does not touch the problem under discussion; whether well or ill off, the subject is one in which an Indian can never put his whole heart; it is a subject, therefore, eminently suitable for a more or less detached treatment in the collegiate course.

This would naturally take one to a consideration of the whole Secondary School course. We are luckily agreed on Vernacularisation. The unmeaning and mischievous specialisation should also go. More of Indian History, of course of the right variety, and the whole of English History, in the barest outline, should form part of every School curriculum. The cry of burdening the student loses much of its force owing to the adoption of the mother-tongue as the medium of instruction.

As for the other part of the B Group, what is called as Elementary Science may be easily incorporoted in the course. The point is that, so far as it goes, the course should be obligatory, for if you admit that knowledge in all the branches of the course is essential for a course of general education and culture, then there is no meaning, there is (as we have been) positive harm in relegating some to the optional group.

On Books and Book-men

A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES*

(BY A. M. S. R.)

India was in a ferment in the colsing years of the last century and the opening years of the present one. Hindu-Moslem riots, the murder of European officers in charge of the Plague administration at Poona, the birth of the new political party whose foremost spokesmen were Tilak Lajpat Rai and Bepin Chandra Pal, the partition of Bengal and the unprecedented all-India agitation against it, accompanied by the Swadeshi and Boycott movements, the rise of the bomb-cult culminating in isolated assassinations of Europeans; the consequent policy of repression ending in deportations and imprisonments of leaders, suppression of newspapers, etc.,—it was in such a period of turmoil that Mr. V. D. Savarkar's youth was cast.

He comes of the famous Chitpavan section of the Maratha Brahmins which has produced an illustrious roll of famous men—the Peshwas, including the warrior Baji Rao; the astute statesman Nana Fadnavis; Tilak, Gokhale, Justice Ranade and others. Fully imbued with the pride of race and nourished on the great national epics of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, as well as on "the old Bhakars and ballads that sing of the exploits of Pratap and Shivaji and Bhau", he developed into an ardent patriot who was determined to "dedicate" his life to the winning of his country's independence. Passion is the previlege

*Being a review of the *Life of Barrister Savarkar*, published by B. G. Paul & Co. Publishers, 321, Thambu Chetty street, Madras. Rs. 1-8-0,

of youth and, influenced by Mazzini's writings, he easily subscribed to the Irish revolutionary methods of achieving the goal. His mentality is seen in the following: "We feel no special love for secret organisations or surprise and secret warfare......Whenever the natural process of national and political evolution is violently suppressed by the forces of wrong, then revolution must step in as a natural reaction and therefore ought to be welcomed as the only effective instrument to re-enthrône Truth and Right....As soon as a peaceful and constitutional path is thrown open to us in our nation that would lead to the destined goal of our people, we would be the first to set our face strongly against all secret reolutionory agitation......You rule by bayonets and under these circumstances it is mockery to talk of constitutional agitation where no constitution exists at all. But it would be worse than mockery, even a crime, to talk of revolution when there is a constitution that allows the fullest and freest development of a nation." Compare this with the observation of Mr. N. C. kelkar (see Preface, p. vi): "One of his intimate friends assured me sometime ago that Mr. Savarkar was a great believer in Responsive Co-operation and would be the first to join the ranks of the constitutionalists as soon as a real constitution made it possible for him to do so. He wôuld gladly enter even the present councils and try to see if the Reforms could be successfully worked out so as to pave the way to further political progress." And he may end, as so many revolutionary leaders in Europe and elsewhere have ended, in becoming the Prime Minister of his Province under the Government which condemned him to transportation for life.

The book under review purports merely to chronicle the events of Mr. Savarkar's life. Ours is not the task, says the author, "of justifying or condemning any of Mr. Savarkar's opinions or actions." It reads like a romance and we, for our part, could not help finishing it at a single sitting. It ends appropriately with his transportation for life, for his career as a Revolutionary ends with it. What strikes us most in this short sketch is the play of such great qualities as high courage, lofty patriotism, staunch loyalty to principles, utter selflessness and self-sacrifice. To quote Mr. N. C. Kelkar again: "When we do not hesitate to admire the daring and patriotism of persons belonging to foreign nations, it becomes simply disgraceful to fail or fear to appreciate the patriotic fervour of the sons of our own motherland." Our admiration goes out to Mazzini and Garribaldi, Lossuth and Kropatkin, but halts and wobbles at our own revolutionary worthies, and Mr. Savarkar was the Prince of the Indian Revolutionists. A poet by temperament, (e. g. pp. 86 ff and 117 ff.)—he is reckoned a good scholar in Marathi, a keen student of history and politics and an ardent Hindu, we common men look upon him as an example of a living tragedy, of great qualities misdirected, of pôlitical methods known to be futile and even criminal; but who can tell that he has not played his destined part in the ordering of this world's affairs by the All-Wise?

As We See Others.

BY 'KANTHA'

I Magazines.

1. The Scholar (Palghat).

The Annual number of the *Scholar* is a distinct contribution to the Special-Edition journalism of this part of the year. It appears with a novel block as a frontispiece and the place of honour deservingly goes to Sriman Srinivas Iyengar the President-Elect of the Congress and the uncrowned king of the Tamil land. Mr. Iyengar's appeal for "unflagging zeal and desire to be men of action" should move the heart of our young men. Mr. P. V. Agoram's sketch of Subramaniam–the South Indian Prodigy of music–is a well written tribute to one of the dazzling wonders of this time, and is a fitting article in a journal entitled as above and having enviable pretensions to scholarship. There are many other articles of note and of varied interest—from the South African treaty to the village *kodangi*. The Annual will surely be a valuable present to our young men and women and the forthcoming Xmas will be all the better if our Joseph and Josephines exhaust their cakes over the pages of a copy of the 'Scholar.'

2. The Hindu Nesan, Madras.

For the first time this part of the year we came across an Anglo-Tamil Annual Supplement, though the supplement was expected to be purely latter. The most important section of the supplement is the portion relating to that subject of everlasting importancel the 'League of Nations,, an institutiou which has come to stay inspite of derisive looks at it all over the world. The article on the Madras Pencil Factory by the editor is a substantial contribution. Among the articles of note are the message of the *Bhagvad Gita* by Mr. P. M. Murugesa Mudaliar, and "*What can England Teach us*" by Mr. P. A. Agastya Sarma. It is very well illustrated and we do hope the '*Nesan*' will keep up its high level of efficiency and ideal of real industry.

3. The Business Advertiser, Calcutta.

The December issue of the journal contains two articles of practical utility one on industrial strife and the other on Deflated Currency. "The poor Indian dies to make a Roman holiday"—such is the feeling of Mr. Saldana when he closes his areicle on Currency. Should not the government yield to other economists and cease swearing by *Sir Basil?* The last word on the science has not been said and nobody is going to be loser if all of us concert and study. We are glad that the pages justify the outward appearance and appellation of a Business Advertiser,

4. The Critic, Trivandrum.

One of the first class weeklies that ever wrote or spoke in the Kerala Raj. It has the advantage of being edited by two trained veterans of H. H's government. Mr. R. Ramalinga Iyer who was the redoubtable lieutenant of the late Mr. Nagamaih and the *real* author of many of the first class publications of the government of Travancore and who retired honourably as an Assistant Secretary controles the paper as the Editor assisted by Prof. N. Krishnaswami Iyer, one of

the best and most humorous of literary men of the Travancore Raj. We should apologise to the Editor for not reviewing the journal earlier. Our admiration at the level headed cool and calm reflections in the leading columns is unbounded and the deserving pointed hits at times at some aspects of the administration will surely secure for the *Critic*, that position of the champion of the people, also the adviser and even the defender of the government at times. Travancore does not require meaningless carping critics but real constructive statesmen who will condemn a cause with a ready solution, more welcome and probaby better fitted. The *Critic* will surely take that stand and may we pray that in the ordeal which the 'retired' souls are willingly courting, they may come out unscathed and glorified as sanest of critics of both the governing and the governed and the servant of both.

II Books.

1. **Sree Ramachandra**—BY M. SITARAMA RAO, B.A. L. T. Head Master Board High School Chandragiri.

The story of the birth of Rama up to his coronation is told in neat racy style. We are glad to note that the Indian element and view of the story are maintained throughout and we are not taken into pages of an Anglo Indian writer who writes with a lurking disdain of some of our rituals. An Indian story written in strict Indian style is sure to be a desirable text in the hands of our young boys and the High Schools ought to prescribe the book for the lower classes. Mr. Rao has got the instinct of writing, understanding the difficulties of our urchins and we shall be glad to hear more of his activities to be able to do such help as we can possibly render.

2. **Helpful Stories** (one anna)
3. **Pocket Companion** (two annas.)——

BY W. MATHEW B.A., L.T., Cantonment Trivandrum.

Neat little books of enduring worth and lasting utility. They are cosmopolitan in their selections—from Ramakrishna Paramahamsa to General Booth, from Upanisheds to the Bible—from Snehalata Devi to Sadhu Sunder Singh and from David Livingstone to H. H. The Maharajah of Travancore. They are very helpful publications towards ennobling our youths and their outlook, and are certain to add to their knowledge sufficiently early in life. We heartily congratulate Messrs A. N. Sathianesan and W. Mathew on their well meant endeavour in this direction.

4. **Caxton Diary, 1927**—Published by Messrs. C. Coomarasami Naidu & Sons, Madras.

We have great pleasure in acknowledging receipt of a neat handy Diary for 1927 provided with flap and pencil, from the enterprising Publisher above. As usual it contains a variety of information besides Tamil, Telugu and National Calendars. With a full page a day for notes, the little volume comprises about 550 pages within its covers. The printing and get up leave nothing to be desired. A copy of the Diary will be found indispensable to all.

ABOUT AND AROUND.

WE WISH A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO OUR NUMEROUS READERS & CONSTITUENTS!

MR. S. K. DEVASIKAMANI,

We are glad to note that Messrs. S. K. Deivasikhamoni, B.A., L.T., of Trichy, P. A. Subramania Iyer, B.A., L.T., of Triplicane and N. S. Venkatarama Iyer, B.A., L.T., of Karaikudi have been elected to the Senate of the Madras University in the Headmasters' Constituency. Among others of the Teaching Profession who have managed to get themselves returned by registered graduates, it is a matter for consolation to find a few worthies, notably, Prof. S. K. Yegnanarayana Iyer, Rao Bahadur P. V. Seshu Iyer, Rao Sahib M. R. Ramasami Sivan, K. S. Patrachariar, Prof. A. Gopala Menon, P. A. Ganesa Iyer, M. S. Sundareswara Iyer and R. Srinivasan. The re-election of a few luminaries like Rao Bahadur G. A. Natesan, S. Satyamurthi and K. V. Krishnasami Iyer among others was a foregone conclusion. We hope the new Sentators will Strive to inspire loftier ideals of education and service into the University.

* * * *

We congratulate His Excellency the Governor of Madras on his choice of Dr. P. Subbarayan as Chief Minister to administer Education in this Presidency. It was with a sigh of relief that the Teacher world received news of this oppointment and it had good reasons to do so. The inauguration of the Reforms six years ago had raised great expectations among the members of the Profession, but they had received a rude shock by the niggardly policy of the apathetic Department. The cult of party aggrandisement and glorification had blinded it to the larger interests of the country. The Educational world had been tantalised by diplomatic wordly effusions, and the energies of the Department were frittered away in the creation of nebulous Universities and pseudo-democratic bodies. The vital question that all problems of good citizendship and of good Government are at bottom the problem of the teacher, his contentnent and happiness, had been sadly ignored. The consequences of this short sighted policy have been disastrously adverse. It would be heart-rending to recount here how far the consequential embitterment of the teacher had affected the general morale of society and of the Profession and the younger generation in particular. In these circumstances, the people, especially the members of the Teaching profession, naturally longed for a change, and when the change was announced, hopes of a millennium have again sprung up in them. Though Dr. Subbaroyan has not till now, either in his career as Senator or Legislator, given any marked indication of his reformative bias, probably for want of opportunities, the Teaching Profession sincerely hopes that his broad outlook and cultural experience here and abroad will enable him to view exsiting conditions in their true perspective and to resort to prompt and effectual remedies, While we are conscious of the limitations of his office, we do look forward that he will strive his best for the uplift of the Profession and thus justify the expectations raised in the members by His Excellency's worthy nomination.

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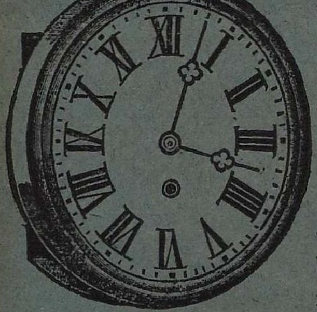

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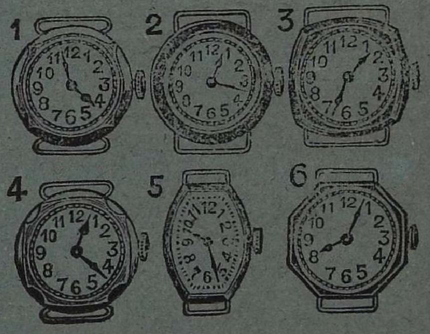

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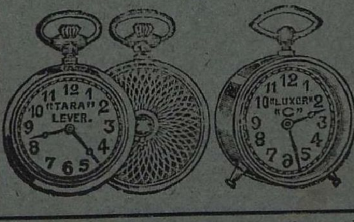

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